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In Memoriam.

NATHAN LORD, D. D., LL. D.

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IN JOURNAL

WILLIAM LORR D.D. LL.D.

Nov. 13, 1913

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EULOGY

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

NATHAN LORD, D. D., LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

DELIVERED

BEFORE THE ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI

OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,

AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT,

JUNE, 1872.

BY

ALPHEUS BENNING CROSBY, A. M., M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN THE DARTMOUTH MEDICAL COLLEGE, AND

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

MEDICAL COLLEGE.

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EULOGY.

It was in the afternoon of one of the most beautiful of the "sad and melancholy days," that we bore the venerable body of our honored Ex-President to its hallowed rest. The air was as clear and as beautiful as it only can be in the early Autumn of the upper Connecticut. Brilliant clumps of variegated leaves reminded us of the hectic of nature—as though she too were in dying sympathy with the solemnities of the occasion.

The usual quiet of our village was intensified by an entire suspension of the ordinary occupations of life, and a "Sabbath stillness" reigned supreme.

Within these sacred precincts, draped strictly within the limits of esthetic propriety, the mortal remains rested for a brief hour on their way to the tomb.

The students of the college which he had loved and honored, the inhabitants far and near who knew and respected him, and those whom on earth he had loved best, united as in a common family, and bowed their heads in sorrow while they paid the largest tribute of respect to his memory.

The felicitous utterances of that occasion, and the splendid moral of the life which they commemorated, will not soon die out of the memory of those who were fortunate enough to hear them.

And so, with a fitting escort of four hundred young men, our friend made his last earthly journey, at the end of which we gave him "a little earth for charity."

Around the open grave the same great throng, still like one family, drew lovingly near, as if they would not yield him up. "Nor," as was said of another, "was there wanting the costly tribute of tears, wrung from

many a manly heart, to wash his way-worn feet for his burial."

And as he was lowered into the loving embrace of our common Mother, by a rare felicity of nature, at the same moment, the sun sank calmly to rest behind the Norwich hills.

The event and its concomitants were impressive to the last degree; nor was there ever transformation scene more gorgeous, nor one where the dramatic unities were more exquisitely preserved. The western horizon was bathed in a golden splendor, triumphant as the death of our friend: the northern hills wore a leaden and funereal hue; Ascutney to the southward, the monarch of our horizon, robed itself as was fitting in its mantle of imperial purple: while the summits of the eastern hills, as if typifying our friend's favorite doctrine of the resurrection, were illuminated by the celestial light of the sun, whose face we could no longer see. And as we wended our way slowly homeward, a weird twilight covered the earth as with a veil, which, deepening gradually, merged at length into the black pall of night.

The last prayer had been said: the noble hymn, "Come let us anew our journey pursue," had been sung: fitting words of eulogy had been spoken: the dust had returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it;—nor was there one of the great concourse who witnessed his burial, who did not feel that a great and good man had departed. Many there were who had differed from him in sentiment, in opinion, in conviction—not one who had not admired him living, and who did not honor him now that he was dead: not one who did not believe that his life was pure, his end was peace, his rest was glorious.

Those who loved him best felt that, in the simple pastoral beauty of his obsequies, in the loving tenderness of his friends and neighbors, he had been honored beyond what usually falls to the lot of the great ones of earth. But there were those among the Alumni of the College

who felt that it was not fitting to allow the occasion to pass without some more formal recognition of his distinguished life and services. And, therefore, it is that we are gathered together, to lay a tribute of affection upon his grave, and to consecrate an hour to his memory.

I could have wished that the grateful task of pronouncing this eulogy had devolved upon one better fitted for its execution. Yet, imperfect as the tribute may be, it will at least come from a heart that loved him always while living, that consistently mourns him now that he is gone.

NATHAN LORD was born in the town of Berwick, Maine, November 28th, 1793. On Friday, September 9th, 1870, he dropt without a struggle into the deep sleep of death. He had lived, for seventy-seven years, a life of singular purity and usefulness, and he died peacefully, full of years and full of honors. He was the fourth son of General John Lord and Mehitable Perkins, both of them persons of marked character and assured position.

He prepared for College in his native town, and was graduated at Bowdoin College, in the year 1809, at the early age of sixteen. Little is known of his college life except the general fact, that it was creditable. It is evident, however, that even at that early age he showed something of that forensic ability for which he afterwards became so distinguished. For we are told that, in the social gatherings, at Brunswick, young Lord was often placed upon a table, and made speeches to the great delectation of his auditors.

He was appointed assistant teacher in Exeter Academy, then the most celebrated institution, for the preparation of young men for college, in New England, and discharged its duties with entire acceptance for a period of three years. He then repaired to the Seminary at Andover, where, in 1815, he completed his theological studies. On the 22d of May, 1816, he was settled over the Congregational Church in Amherst, N. H., as a colleague of the Reverend Jeremiah Barnard.

Soon after this event he married Miss Elizabeth King Leland, of Saco, Maine, a daughter of Honorable Joseph Leland, a soldier who served with distinction during the Revolutionary war. Mrs. Lord was also a niece of the Honorable Rufus King, who, as a Senator, Statesman and Diplomat, attained a position of eminence, and exerted a wide influence on public affairs.

Ten children were the product of this union—eight sons and two daughters. Of these, seven survived their distinguished parents. Two of the sons have attained distinction as pulpit orators, while the remainder have all asserted themselves in the professions, and various avenues of business.

Mrs. Lord was a woman of rare excellence. Dignified in person, in disposition "sweet as Summer," in domestic life the incarnation of benevolence and efficiency, she was, take her all in all, the grandest embodiment of the wife and mother of the olden time. Clear in judgment, positive in her opinions, almost as profound a theologian as her distinguished husband, she was yet every inch a woman. Well might her husband have said of her, as Steele said of Lady Betty Hastings, "To have known her and to have loved her was equal to a liberal education." In some important respects she supplemented his character, as only a true wife can. Not unfrequently she pointed out and led the way through the tangled mazes and distracting cares of life. She did it once again when, a few months before his own death, she led the way into "the valley of the shadow," and waited his coming.

Standing by her dead body, and placing his hand upon her head, he said, with a tear and a smile, "She was the only person I ever feared." But he feared her as a good man fears his conscience—rejoicing in the sunshine of its approval, quaking only in the clouds of its just reproach. "I felt," said Doctor Lord to the writer, "when she died, as if a portion of my own body had been torn from me." It was a wound from which

he never recovered; and death found him ready, his great nature untinged with regret, his eyes looking steadfastly and joyfully beyond.

They both sleep yonder, as they had lived, side by side; one with each other, and one with God.

Doctor Lord remained at Amherst twelve years, doing the work of an earnest, eloquent and popular preacher. During the last seven years of his pastorate, he was a Trustee of this College. In 1828, he was elected its President; which office he filled, most creditably to himself and most usefully to the College, until August, 1863, when he resigned. His official connection with the Institution covered a period of forty-two years, no other man having ever served as long. The sixth President of the College, he was inaugurated October 29th, 1828, and survived every officer then connected with it, both in the Faculty and the Board of Trust.

The Trustees at that time consisted of Elijah Paine, Charles Marsh, Moses P. Payson, Edmund Parker, Israel W. Putnam, John H. Church, John Wheeler, Bennett Tyler, Samuel Hubbard, Mills Olcott and Ezekiel Webster: a body of men distinguished no less for their abilities and accomplishments, than for their assured social positions. What these gentlemen and their honored chief accomplished for Dartmouth College can not be told better than in the language of another. Our cultivated townsman, William H. Duncan, Esq., thus writes of them:

"Such was the body of men whose grave and majestic air used to impress the writer of this sketch, when the Commencement days came round in his college years, with the same feeling of awe and reverence with which the Barbarians were inspired when they first looked in upon the Roman Senate, supposing that they were looking upon an assembly of Kings.

Over this body of men Doctor Lord was called to preside at the early age of thirty-five. And yet, with such a Board, with all this array of talent and influence,

the College, at the time of President Lord's accession, was in a feeble condition. When he was appointed, there were but two College buildings—Dartmouth Hall, and the old Chapel, which latter, not much to the credit of the College, has been turned into a stable. Under the administration of President Lord, Thornton Hall, Wentworth Hall and Reed Hall were built, a new Chapel was constructed in the central portion of Dartmouth Hall, and "Old Dartmouth" itself, after having stood for years in a rickety and dilapidated condition, was thoroughly repaired and renovated.

Under his administration, several new Professorships were established; among them was that of Intellectual Philosophy. The accomplished Daniel Oliver, one of the ripest and best scholars ever connected with the College, gave a course of able and finished lectures in this department.

The Professorships of the Greek Language and Literature, of Astronomy and Meteorology, of Modern Languages, and of Natural History, were all established during the Presidency of Doctor Lord.

Under his administration the Professorship of Natural Philosophy was endowed, by the late Honorable Samuel Appleton, of Boston, Mass., in such a way that it now stands on a foundation equal to any department of the kind in the country. In his time, too, the Observatory was built, and during his Presidency the Chandler Scientific Department was founded by a gift of \$50,000. from the late Abiel Chandler, which, at the time, was the largest sum that had ever been given to the College.

This department now numbers one fourth as many students as the Academical Department of the College.

Under President Lord the finances of the College were greatly increased, and the classes, which, at the time of his accession, averaged but thirty, increased so that, in a few years after, there were classes which graduated averaging for several years seventy-five.

President Lord presided over this College thirty-five

years. With what dignity and ability he discharged the duties of his high office, all know, who have graduated under him, or who have in any way been connected with him in the administration of the affairs of the College.

It was the proud boast of Augustus, that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble. Might not President Lord, at the time of his resignation, have said, without a shadow of boasting: "I found the College what its great counsel called it in that most touching and pathetic close of his great argument in the College case before the Supreme Court at Washington—I found it truly 'a small college': it was in an humble condition, its classes were small, its finances embarrassed, its buildings in a dilapidated and ruinous condition. I left it one of the leading institutions of the land."

This would surely have been no vain boast; for one half of the whole number of the Alumni of the College were graduated during his long and honorable term of service.

Such are the naked outlines of this noble Christian life. Yet how inadequate they are to express our appreciation of his rare excellence of character!

Doctor Lord was a Christian and a Theologian. Of his Christian character there is little need to speak, for it is in all the Churches. His wonderful earnestness, felicity and variety of expression, in extemporaneous prayer, can never be forgotten by any one who ever had the opportunity to hear him. His sermons were replete with the same devout earnestness, the same purity, sanctity and holy living, that were mirrored in his own life. All his discourses were remarkable for their richness in Anglo-Saxon words, and the cumulative power with which he used synonymes in impressing an idea.

No language could more happily sum up his Christian character, than his own estimate of the character of one of his life-long friends.

"He judged no man. He was scrupulous, but not

exacting; just and confident without self-righteousness; devout without hypocrisy; grave without austerity, cheerful without frivolity; conscious of sin in all things, but truthful in the righteousness of his Redeemer, and accounting it the great end of life to please and honor God."

Of Doctor Lord's peculiar theological views, which grew naturally out of his peculiar Christian character, I have not deemed myself qualified to speak. I have had little occasion to regret this, however, since I have been so fortunate as to induce an accomplished and valued personal friend of Doctor Lord—kindred with him in sentiment and sympathy—to give us a condensed but comprehensive view of his Theology.

The Reverend Doctor J. C. Bodwell, of Hartford, Conn., has paid this fitting tribute to the memory of our revered friend; and I have great pleasure in presenting it, in this connection, not daring to mar its symmetry by any comments of my own.

Doctor Bodwell thus writes:

"PRESIDENT LORD was born for command and high exploit; yet was it most evident to all who knew him, that a main element in his peculiar strength and influence was his faith in God. His faith was based on the Bible, and very beautiful was its simplicity. He received the kingdom of God as a little child, and entered therein. The crude notion, so fashionable of late, that doubting and scepticism are the true marks of intellectual strength, found in him an answer. He needed no elaborate argumentation, ontological or teleological,—neither Anselm nor Paley, to prove the existence of God, any more than he needed a learned treatise on the structure of the fire-fly, to prove the existence of the sun, in whose bright light he stood, and was warmed. God had spoken to him directly in the Bible, and God speaking was the demonstration of God, and he believed, and set to it his seal. Accordingly, the speculations of the schools, by which Theology has been darkened and

confused, and which were never more prevalent, nor more disastrous than now, were to him the unwholesome fogs with which men arrogating superior wisdom, but in reality blind, as the Bible declares the natural man to be, surround themselves. With an intellect of great strength and insight, a large acquaintance with men and things, and a moral uprightness in whose presence meanness and duplicity were confounded, or surprised into an assumption of exalted virtue, he saw, with the quickness of intuition, through disguises and shams, separating the true from the false as easily as the single eye distinguishes mists from mountains.

While the Bible was to him, directly, the source of all we know, or can know of God, he was very far from disparaging the history of doctrines, or the voice of the Church. He had sat, as the humblest of disciples, at Nice, at Chalcedon, at Westminster, in the Sorbonne. He acknowledged the piety and wisdom of the Fathers, and the presence of the Holy Ghost. He saw, also, how those grand debates were not free, and, in the nature of things, could not be free, from the admixture of human passion and moral infirmity. With profoundest reverence and love and sympathy for the champions of the faith whom Christ has honored, he dared not call any man Rabbi, but went from the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster, and the Sorbonne in Paris, the wiser and better for having been there, to Bethany, and Mars Hill, and the Roman prison; knowing that there only was he under a guidance which could not mislead, in a light which was obscured by no shadows. He valued the labors of the Christian Fathers mainly for their testimony to the unerring and unchanging authority of inspiration in all the ages, and as a help and encouragement in his own search after truth. He was fully persuaded, moreover, of the presence of the Holy Ghost with the Church through all time, to guide every humble and honest enquirer anew into all truth.

With how clear and deep conviction, and how firm a

grasp he held the great doctrines which have constituted the Creed of the Church in all its periods of high spiritual experience, it is needless to say. The fall in Adam, and the universal moral corruption thence ensuing; the expiation by Christ's blood, at once the expression of the Divine love and the satisfaction of Divine law; regeneration by the Holy Spirit; the universal supremacy of Jesus Christ, and the history of all worlds subserving His glory through the everlasting ages:—these he held to be at once the plainest declarations of Holy Scripture, and the voice of the Church in every period of highest spiritual illumination, and largest purity of life, and fullest manifestation of love. That he believed these things with all his heart, and preached them, with an irresistible power, no man who heard him often will be forward to deny. The men who rejected all his conclusions, and to whom those conclusions were foolishness, so far from taking offence at his broad declaration of them, were spell-bound by his oratory, and confessed a charm in his preaching, in the same breath which pronounced a settled unbelief in his Theology. This was not due to his earnestness, though he was intensely earnest, nor to his eloquence, as we use the word, though he was eloquent in a degree not often equalled; but rather, as I judge, from the fact that his Theology was not a creed, a system with nice philosophical adjustments, a set of dogmas, an obtrusive polemical armor, but the simple belief of a child in the Divine Father, whose character of light and love seemed to transform all his being. It was thus that he received the grand cardinal facts and doctrines of revelation, not from the lips of the Rabbis, but from God Himself; and his preaching proved that when truths which are offensive to men are set forth, not in forms given to them by the masters of the schools, but as oracles which have filled his own understanding with light, and his heart with love, they are not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which Christ's minister speaks.

He saw the Cross of Christ, not only as the great central fact of all history, but as the great central truth of the universe. As the preceding history of our world looked onward to the Cross, and its dark problems found no solution, and could find none, save in the light which shines from that Cross, so all the history that has come after is only understood when it is viewed in its ordained relation to the Kingdom of Christ, its inseparable connection with His sovereignty and empire. These things he saw, not as a philosopher, but as a little child; not as a conclusion wrought out by the speculative understanding, but as matter of faith.

He was thus prepared, with clear vision, to traverse the whole broad field of theological inquiry. He believed that all we can know in Theology is contained in the Bible, and that what does not come out of the Bible, as the result of honest exegesis and spiritual illumination, is reserved for us to know hereafter.

He saw clearly that the apostasy of the race from God is so wide, and the blindness of the natural man so utter, that, apart from special Divine guidance, all human reasonings concerning God must inevitably be away from God, and not towards him, and so, ultimately, atheistic, even when such reasonings profess to be out of the Word of Inspiration. He saw, accordingly, that our most popular theories of civil government are atheistical, forasmuch as they deny to God the place which He attributes to Himself in all human governments, and assign that place to man. And more than this, he saw that the approved and most extensively popular religious movements of the present age are atheistic in their inevitable conclusion, since they reject the Scriptural idea of God, and put a chimera in its place.

How, then, could he look for the regeneration of the race, and the reign of righteousness in the earth, as the result of the progress of modern religious thought, or of any schemes in which man has so large a part, and

Jesus Christ so little? And this, not because, as he judged, the history of Christianity in our world hitherto furnishes no ground for such hope, but because, as he had no doubt, in the Word of God he found clear and multiplied testimony to a quite different conclusion.

In his view it was most plain, that the true posture of the Church in every age, even as it was at the first, has been the posture of expectation of the speedy coming of Christ. The Holy Ghost has always been saying to the Church, and is saying to-day, 'The time is at hand.' 'Behold, the Judge standeth before the door.' 'For as in the days that were before the flood, * * so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.' He saw no way of reconciling such declarations with the notion, that the heaven of the Gospel is gradually to permeate all the nations, and then Christ shall come. He judged that, according to the clearest declarations of the Bible, the nations are, even now, fully prepared for the coming of Christ; not because they are ready and waiting to set the crown upon His head, but because they are preëminently anti-christian and ungodly, in the spirit and maxims which control mainly their political and social life, and breathe in their literature, and lie at the foundation of all their philosophies, and enter very largely into their religious worship and religious enterprises. So shall it be at the time of the coming of the Son of Man. That august event will arrest the world in mid-career of its ambitious and self-glorifying schemes; its pride and prosperity and luxury and licentiousness, and blind and fatal unbelief; still engrossed in the construction of rail-roads, and the building of temples to Mammon; traversing all seas, with its brave merchantmen, for the gathering in of the riches of the earth; wrapping itself about with its vain and arrogant speculations, and its anti-christian theories, virtually dethroning Christ, and denying His claims, in the insane apotheosis of human reason, up to the very day and hour of His sudden and awful appearing. He believed that this is

as clearly the teaching of Christ and His apostles, as the first coming of Christ was the teaching of the old prophets; and that, if the one set of prophecies has had a literal fulfilment, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, to an earthly heritage of poverty and sorrow, and died and rose again, so likewise must the other, or there is absolutely no such thing as a law of prophetic interpretation, but all is left to scholastic speculation and mystical dreaming.

With profound conviction and unwavering faith, he read in Paul that this glorious second appearing will be attended by the rising from the dead of all who sleep in Jesus, and the instant transformation of those who are alive and remain, into His likeness. It is equally, as he judged, a conclusion in harmony with the voice of prophecy in all the dispensations, that Christ will come, in that day, to sit on the throne of His father David, when His dispersed shall be gathered in, after the long and sorrowful rejection, in fulfilment of the covenant which has never been annulled.

He believed that, according to the clearest and multiplied teaching of the Bible, God's ancient people are to be brought in, not from time to time, to be incorporated and lost in the Gentile nations, but as themselves a nation, distinct and entire, the elect people, beloved for the fathers' sake through all their wide dispersion, and that the ingathering of the elect nation, at the time of the second coming of Christ, is to be preparatory to the conversion of the gentile world. Then only will be fulfilled the word spoken so long ago: "Be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create: for behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy." After this, at the close of the millennial years, Christ on His great white throne, from whose face the earth and the heavens shall flee away, the gathering of all the nations to be judged, the new heavens and the new earth, the great city which the glory of God shall lighten, and the Lamb shall be its light, and the final,

glorious, everlasting consummation, for which all things were created, and toward which all things are surely hastening."

But the character of our friend presented other peculiarities quite as striking as his views on Theology.

It so happened that Doctor Lord found himself, during a large portion of his life, in a position of antagonism towards many good men, whose friendship he valued, and whose love he warmly returned. Partisan feeling often ran high, but I have yet to see the most violent opponent of his views, who did not freely award to him the credit of profound fidelity to his convictions. He was so earnest, and yet so free from all acrimony, that one of his antagonists said of him that "It was more delightful to differ with President Lord, than to agree with most men." Nor is it difficult to believe this, when we remember that "he added to the nobility and generosity of strong manhood the meek and affectionate heart of a little child." To quote his own language with reference to another, "He would never balk a good purpose, he never flinched, he distrusted those who did."

As he said of his distinguished son, the Reverend John K. Lord, "What he was, and what he did, grew naturally out of what he believed and felt."

Nor was his unflinching fidelity to conviction better evinced than in connection with his views on Slavery, concerning which he was much misunderstood, much misrepresented, and much abused.

When Doctor Lord assumed the Presidency of the College, he was strongly anti-slavery, and opposed even to the plan of colonization. His sympathies were entirely with the enslaved and oppressed: nor did he ever lose them, as his personal kindness to the black race throughout his life abundantly proved. He was in full working sympathy with Rogers, Pillsbury, and Garrison, the most intense radicals in the anti-slavery movement.

He was, however, soon shocked by a public statement of Rogers, endorsed by Garrison, to the effect that

"If the Bible sustains the principle of Slavery, and justifies Slavery, either in the Old or New Testament, then down with the Bible. As between Anti-slavery and the Bible, I accept Anti-slavery."

The superior authority of the Bible as a rule of faith and life, was, perhaps, the strongest underlying principle in the adamant character of our friend. He had believed that Slavery was wrong, *per se*; but when his anti-slavery coadjutors seemed to have legitimately embarked on a sea of infidelity, and hesitated not to attack Christianity and the Church, he deemed it best to heave the lead and take his bearings.

Hence he came to examine the whole question by the light of Scripture, and brought to his aid all the ardor and profundity of his nature.

It was never his custom to obtrude his views upon the young men of the College; but I well remember that, at the request of my own class, he gave us a brief account of these investigations, and the resulting faith that was in him, in a manner so earnest and so loving that, great as our respect had been for him before, it was infinitely increased.

He came to the conclusion that the Bible did authorize Slavery, but only as a penalty for sin, inflicted upon a peculiarly guilty family; and that this was consonant with God's plan, as evinced in the punishment of other guilty and disobedient races and nations.

He believed that Sodom and Gomorrah were examples of the reality and justice of God's law; "that Egypt, with its magnificent civilization, had eternally perished before the breath of His mouth for its sins; that Greece, with its art and beauty, had received the perpetual doom of a refined and sensuous idolatry; that imperial Rome had fallen under God's displeasure, and reaped, in barbaric invasions, in terrible overthrow and ruin, and in perpetual effeminacy and beggary, the reward of its ancient voluptuousness and vices."

Fully convinced that God did not hesitate to punish

nations, as well as individuals, when the cup of their iniquities was full, so he reasoned by analogy with reference to the Scriptural interpretation in respect to Slavery. He observed that the negroes had been for ages a doomed race, suffering and enslaved, living from time immemorial on the borders of the most civilized nations of the world, yet apparently without either the disposition or the ability to improve their condition. Impressed with the fact, he was led to inquire if there could be any curse resting upon the descendants of Canaan. The conclusion to which he arrived was that there was such a curse, and that African Slavery was a governmental and penal institution, designed to mark God's displeasure against treason, filial dishonor, and sacrilege.

He therefore believed that Slavery was a Divine institution. Not that it was pleasant, beautiful, desirable, or blessed, but, as he once said, "it was Divine, just as hell was Divine; Divine, because God had a governmental justice and law, which required the punishment of sinners." It followed, then, in his view, that there could be no legitimate war against Slavery, as such, but only against its abuses: just as, all government being Divine in origin, there could be legitimate attacks upon its abuses, but not upon itself. He was wont to denounce alike the abuses that had crept into the system in the South of our own country, and what he believed to be the sin of the North in denouncing a righteous principle of law and penalty in the Divine government.

Doctor Lord believed that a slaveholder could administer his trust as a Christian, but he warned him that his abuses of the system would turn what God meant for the good of sinners, into a curse to all concerned.

But, although he believed that a curse rested upon the negro race, he was yet ever ready to lift it, as far as human power could accomplish that end. He was always anxious for their elevation and Christian education. Christian culture, and not mere political emanci-

pation, he was sure, offered the race the best opportunity for improvement.

So, when other Colleges closed their doors, he threw the portals of Dartmouth wide open to the colored race. Others might theoretically demonstrate the wrongs of the black man—he gave him his right hand, and bade him, God speed in the only path in which he believed he could rise above the weight of his inheritance.

It was a matter of newspaper comment, when, a few years ago, a colored clergyman being ordained at Troy, N. Y., Doctor Lord preached the ordination sermon, and was the only white clergyman present.

It is needless to say that his views on Slavery were not popular in the North: but he believed that he had a reason for the faith that was in him, and, true to his convictions, he was prepared to live and to die by it.

But the seed which he had assisted his early associates to sow had germinated, taken root, grown, and was about to bear fruit.

Since those early days, a generation of men had been educated, North and South, up to ideas diametrically opposed, in regard to this vexed question of Slavery. The question was at length submitted to the supreme arbitrament of arms.

This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the dead issues of the past. It is not the duty of the hour, to pronounce either for or against the doctrines of our deceased friend. But I think no one here can have forgotten the whirlwind of war that swept over our unhappy country, the tempest of passion it excited, the proscription and intimidation of all opinion not strictly in accordance with the frenzy of the hour. Most men quailed before this irresistible storm, and sought, at least, some temporary shelter. It is a matter of history, that Doctor Lord stood firm, and faced it. The sullen roar of the popular ocean was threatening, indeed, as it rolled in and submerged him; but, when it receded, he was still calmly standing at his post, never flinching from the principles in which he believed.

You might have differed from him in sentiment, wide as the poles; but you could not fail to admire his fidelity to conviction, his indomitable courage, his genuine Saxon *pluck*.

"In this faith," said a clergyman who knew him well, "he was sincere, patiently bearing many assaults, from which he might have been spared, after so many years of faithful service, in his old age."

It is indeed true, that "the austere glory of suffering was his," but in what a noble Christian manner he bore it, all can testify who knew him well. It has been well said that "a great man out of favor may still be one of the grandest spectacles in the world." Cicero, stretching out his venerable neck for the knife of assassins, and Socrates, with the fatal cup at his lips, never evinced higher moral courage than did our friend. A distinguished clergyman, from his pulpit, pronounced a curse upon him, but, in the same breath, paid a fitting tribute to the singular purity of his life and character.

In his writings upon the subject of Slavery, no less than in the superb sermons which he was wont to deliver, he came to be a master both of logic and rhetoric; yet in both these departments he was peculiar. His logic was hardly after the manner of the schools, yet, if his premises were granted, his conclusions were irresistible. And his rhetoric was not gorgeous and vivid, but rather massive and ponderous. It was not Saladin, piercing the air with his supple blade of Damascus, but Richard of the lion-heart, dealing sturdy blows with his battle-axe of English steel.

Remarkably dignified in appearance, always wielding his weapons as if dead in earnest, yet with a deep underlying current of love clearly apparent, he never failed to impress his audience with a sense, not only of the profundity of his topic, but of his own power. In the splendid series of Baccalaureate discourses which he delivered, no less than in his personal intercourse with students, he was unusually happy in stimulating them to

original thought and investigation. Nor did he fail to carry conviction to many minds that had been opposed to him in sentiment.

In the class before my own in College, there was a colored student, who sought, in private interviews, to learn from our friend his views in regard to the Negro race. Receiving him, as was his wont, with the greatest kindness, he went over the whole ground of his faith. The young man listened, and was charmed, but "went away sorrowful," for, as he said, he was afraid Doctor Lord was right.

No one who knew him well could fail to recognize his noble consciousness of rectitude; and rectitude was with him "a perpetual victory, celebrated, not by cries of joy, but by serenity, which is joy fixed and habitual." Like the old Divine, of whom we read, "He stood well God-ward and man-ward." No one of his excellencies, and they were not a few, was more remarkable than his perfect repose and sweetness of disposition. Often hard pushed in the controversies of an unusual life, his profound serenity never failed him.

He reached the grand climacteric of life unruffled, and, yielding himself to all manner of gentle, loving influences, he ripened splendidly on the sunny side of the wall. In all things he was suffused by his affections, as the blessed rain permeates the earth. The most difficult problem in life is to grow old gracefully—yet with what dignity and honor did he solve the problem! The crowning glory of his life was reached when he put off the robes of office, and sought that peace and repose which he had so well earned. The act of abdication must ever be a sad one. Few men possess the requisite courage to abdicate at all, and fewer still throw up official duties in season. Painful as it doubtless was to Doctor Lord to relinquish his life-long work, (conscious, as he was, that his mental vigor was unimpaired,) he nevertheless discharged this duty, as he always did, firmly and conscientiously.

The circumstances attendant upon his resignation from the College are matters of history. At a meeting of the Merrimaek County Conference of Congregational Churches, held in June, 1863, a series of Resolutions was passed, and forwarded to the Trustees of the College, expressing interest in the institution, and confidence in its venerable President, but deprecating his peculiar views, and asking the Trustees to consider whether the interests of the College "do not demand a change in its Presidency." The following month, these Resolutions were presented to the Board of Trustees, and elicited from that body a series of Resolutions, strongly endorsing the War, commending the College to the Alumni, expressing the hope that African Slavery might "find its merited doom," and that the Clergy and Churches would "stand by this venerable institution, in evil report and in good report." These Resolutions were passed, two members of the Board dissenting.*

On the passage of these Resolutions, Doctor Lord withdrew from the meeting, and in a few minutes presented to the Trustees his letter of resignation.

In this document, remarkable alike for its dignified propriety and its Christian spirit, he respectfully protested against the right of the Trustees to impose any test upon the opinions of any College officer, "beyond what is recognized by the Charter of the Institution, or express statutes;" expressing the opinion that the Resolutions of the Trustees, based on the action of the Merrimaek County Conference, did impose such a test; holding himself responsible, for his private opinions, only to God and the constitutional tribunals of the country, and believing that such tests must deprive him of his "constitutional right and Christian liberty." Therefore, after expressing his sense of appreciation of past kindness received from the Board, and his unwillingness to put himself in any unkind relations

* Judge Ira Eastman and Reverend Samuel Delano.

towards the guardians of the College, he unconditionally resigned his office of President and Trustee.

Doctor Lord had given thirty-five years of his life to Dartmouth College; he had spent his substance upon it; he had absolutely no means of support, beyond his salary, and he had passed the allotted three score years and ten, when humanity grows timid, and distrustful of untried paths. But there was no shadow of hesitation or turning, when he felt "his honor grip." Requested by the Trustees to reconsider his action, he respectfully declined, feeling sure that his first instinctive impulse was true, and that he had done right. Feeling that the time had come to throw away earthly supports, he cast himself upon the God of the Fathers; and the God whom he had served from his youth up did not desert him. It followed legitimately from Doctor Lord's standpoint, that such an act as his could only be right and blessed, in so far as it was removed from human passion and acrimony. And so he did it with all the seraphic sweetness of his nature. "I felt," said he, "like a boy let loose from school." And when a few noble men, one of whom* honors us with his presence on this occasion, placed an annuity at his command, and so deprived him of all care for the future, he recognized again the hand of God, and was content. No person lives, even of the nearest and the dearest, who ever heard from the lips of our friend a bitter or unkind word in reference to his withdrawal from the College. Nothing pained him more than to hear such expressions from others. A large political party in the State was only too anxious to make the cause of our friend its own. It needed nothing but a signal from him, to give the movement form and substance; but, to his honor be it spoken, the signal never came.

And so, gracefully putting off the robes of office, still loving the College, honoring his worthy successor, as he

* Colonel T. W. Pierce, of Boston, Mass.

deserved to be honored, with his sympathy and his counsel, cherishing his friends and neighbors, and the gentle presence of children, he put the finishing touches to the picture of his life by a sunset of such beauty, serenity, and peace, as never even entered into the conception of a Claude Lorraine.

Doctor Lord came of a Puritan stock, and a broad "vein of that fine old metal" ran through and pervaded him. In early life, there must have been a marked austerity in his character, the result no less of his birth, than of his training. As he matured and ripened, he grew more tolerant, and more kindly. His was a nature fitted to command. He could be turned from his convictions neither by his good genius, nor by his bad genius; he yielded them neither to fear, hatred, nor pity. What he might have been, had his views and affiliations taken him on the popular side of politics and Theology, it is now vain to speculate. But strong natures like his, with unlimited power, may become despotic, and, under strong conviction, may bend the world before them. Whatever, under other influences, might have been his dangers, certain it is, that his opinions saved him from the risks that come of political supremacy. Whether prosperity or adversity is most fatal to virtue, there seems no doubt that the latter, so far as popular favor went, worked altogether for good, in maturing and rounding the serene character of our friend. Great as he might have been, with his sails distended with the gales of popular approval, he was greater still when the waves of popular fury broke over him. He might have been noble in prosperity, but he was nobler in adversity—" *melior in tenebris*."

To a stranger, who saw him for the first time, and witnessed only the thunders of his logic, and the broad flashes of his rhetoric, he seemed a great man, yet stern and dignified withal. But there was another side to his character, that personal intercourse inevitably revealed. There was a sweet, deep well of pathos in him, and

wherever the purest pathos is, by its side dwells its twin brother, humor. This delicious moisture welled up from the fountains of his being, and, like a brook, babbled itself away again, into the depths of his great nature. At first sight, stern and gloomy, like a fortress of stone, anon his charming humor decked him as with ivy. Grappling, as he did, with some of the sternest problems in ethics, in politics, and in religion, he never grew austere and gloomy. As he grew older, his loving humor, which, I fancy, he held somewhat in check during his early life, overcame and pervaded him, like a soft Indian Summer haze. He did not often resort to wit, which is incisive, and too often malignant; but, even in the sternest and darkest hours, his exquisite humor illuminated his face, as a ripple breaks over the surface of the ocean.

As a disciplinarian, no man, perhaps, ever excelled him, in college management. In times of College disturbance, he did not stop to read the Riot Act, but he enforced it on the spot. His voice was generally sufficient to restore order; but, this failing, he did not hesitate to let the nearest offender feel the weight of his ivory-headed and historic cane. He had not the fear of man before his eyes, and, as he possessed unlimited pluck, he never failed to make himself master of the situation.

I am quite sure that there are some of the Alumni present, who, in their College days, were invited to Doctor Lord's study, to render an account of their evil doings. I am equally sure that they can not have forgotten the artistic arrangements of the room itself. The chair of the culprit was so arranged as to flood his face with light. Doctor Lord, with his face in shadow, and his eyes impenetrably concealed by green glasses, sat there, at once a Rhadamanthus and a Sphynx. Then there was an ominous silence for a few moments, at the expiration of which, the candidate for discipline was informed that "certain facts have come to the

knowledge of the Faculty," and he would be invited to vary the monotony of his existence by telling the truth. No victim of the Inquisition ever dreaded the thumb-screw or the rack, more than the College malefactor feared this seathing interview with Doctor Lord. Yet, however serious the case might be to the student, the cloud of discipline was sure to get a silver lining, from the humor of the executioner.

When I was a boy, I remember, it was a College custom for the students to drive cows into the corridors, fasten stove pipes, tin kettles and other foreign bodies to their tails, and then turn them loose upon a cold and unfeeling world. Doctor Lord, in a brief Chapel talk, commented on this practice. "I am informed," said he, "that young gentlemen connected with the College are in the habit of turning unoffending cows loose from the halls, with *what-nots* tied to their tails." He then commented farther, on the advantage that would accrue from such a practice, in its relation to liberal culture—and, in the mirth that followed, the custom burst, like a bubble in the sun.

I well remember, when in College, that, after a Spring term of unusual quiet and order, a large fraction of the students devoted themselves to elevating the standard of music, by a nocturnal performance on tin horns. Pandemonium itself could hardly have equaled this amateur effort. The next day, Doctor Lord gave us a lecture in the Chapel, in which he alluded to the beautiful harmony and order that had prevailed during the term, and his willingness to live always in such a College; but drawing a glowing picture of such disorder as prevailed the night before, he concluded by saying, under such a state of affairs, "I would prefer to die. I would die, but I would die with an *explosion*, and the wicked should be scattered."

Among the most charming reminiscences of my life, is the memory of a little Club, established here many years ago, called the "Northern Academy." In this organi-

zation, Essays and subsequent discussions were in order, and the largest tolerance of opinion obtained. It was a peculiarity of Doctor Lord, that when his logic was in danger, his humor always came to his rescue. At one of these meetings, some time before the War, Doctor Lord read an Essay, at the request of the Society, on the "*e jure divino*" principle of Slavery. At a subsequent meeting, Professor Clement Long, by far the best logician ever connected with the College, read an able Essay against Slavery, entitled "Man's chattel right in man." He took the ground that the Bible nowhere gave man supreme authority and control over his fellow man. He supported his argument with all the logical power of which he was the accomplished master, planting himself on the twenty-sixth verse of the first chapter of Genesis, which he read: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." "Ah!" exclaimed Doctor Lord, "that is it; '*over every creeping thing*;' that doubtless refers to *babes*." Under the laugh that followed, the Doctor made good his retreat, while the moral effect of Professor Long's logic was seriously impaired.

To administer the affairs of a College successfully, requires an order of talent quite as high as that demanded in the National Executive. Certainly, to a sensitive nature, such a position is full of annoyance and trial. Doctor Lord enforced College discipline fearlessly and successfully, yet his ineffable serenity shed the darts and arrows of youthful turbulence—always puerile, sometimes malignant—as from a coat of mail. It is the annual prerogative of every Senior class, the world over, to indulge in a class fight. These perennial ebullitions do not seriously impede the diurnal motion of the earth, although to the young men themselves they seem pregnant with grave results. Not long before Doctor Lord's

resignation, and just after such an annual outburst, I remarked to him that, with all his experience, it doubtless amused, rather than annoyed him, to see this annual revolution of the wheel of riot. "Yes," said he, with a roguish twinkle, "it is the same annual wheel, and it brings up the same annual Devil."

The charm of his humor was in his splendidly dignified presence, and then in the illumination of his face, when the pleasant sally came. It was like engrafting the graceful, fun-loving smile of the cavalier, upon the cast-iron visage of the round-head. Nor did his humor ever desert him;—like his blessed serenity, it permeated every part of him. Dwelling with the opposition, so far as popular opinion was concerned; often attacked; feeling that clouds of misapprehension and personal injustice often lowered upon him; hearing often, even within his cloister, the sullen roar of popular dissent, he nevertheless possessed his soul in patience, and in love. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, was a fallacy to which he never subscribed; but he judged no man who did.

He pursued, throughout, the even tenor of his way. As his face never blanched with fear, so it never reddened with anger. He stood firm, resolute but kindly, even when the roar of the tempest was loudest, and the heavens were blackest above him.

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles o'er its head."

The later years of our friend were "Summer years," full of serenity and peace. His word was a blessing to us, and his presence a perpetual benediction.

But the time came, at length, when he was to throw off his coat of clay, and put on the robes of immortality.

It was a comfort to those who loved him, that his end came, not through loathsome disease, but by a gradual failure of the powers of life. There were, indeed,

weeks of weariness that preceded his death, but without much of suffering. Through all, his intellect was undimmed, his humor never deserted him, his opinions never wavered, his heart was as demonstrative as a little child. In has been my fortune, during a somewhat varied professional life, to witness many a death-bed, but never one in which so much of sublimity and peace were combined.

With his pure white beard, his face whiter and thinner, and by so much spiritualized and transfigured, he lay upon his bed of death, the most superb embodiment of the highest Sacerdotal type. And so, ministered to by loving hands, the tide of his life ebbed slowly away. And, when the end came, his children gathered around his bed, as did the sons of Jacob, to receive his dying blessing.

Glancing with affection at each in turn, he rolled his eyes heavenward, and said, "The Lord take me and mine," and so, peacefully, died.

It was an impressive scene, when, on the instant, the little group knelt around his bed, and a fervent prayer wafted his spirit up to God.

During his life, he had acted with the minority; but the time had come, when he gladly "went over to the majority."

The lesson and the moral of this noble life, remain for the instruction of us, the Alumni of the College. Let us learn the lesson, and faithfully apply the moral. Let us emulate his virtues, that we may, by God's grace, reap the same reward.

But if, unhappily, there shall be even one among our brotherhood, who shall prove false to his convictions, and shall yield exalted principle to temporary expediency, let him not, while this life is remembered, ever wander again amid the shades of Dartmouth, nor desecrate by his presence the grave of NATHAN LORD.



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